

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1890.

No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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THE TRUE GLORY OF NATIONS.

A recent poet has truly said that "a dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal." The ancient republics produced men who performed deeds worthy to be written, and they produced men worthy to record them. What would we know of Grecian heroism at Troy had not Homer sung in immortal verse the story of Achilles' wrath? What would we know of Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea had not Herodotus written his noble history? What would we know of Roman virtue and courage had they not been preserved forever in the pictured page of Livy? Ancient Germany may have had a Miltiades, Gaul a Leonidas, Britain a Camillus, but they had no poet or historian to "echo" their deeds "down the corridors of time."

Demosthenes, the orator, has reflected more true honor upon Greece than did Alexander the Conqueror. The mighty empire of Alexan-

der fell to pieces at the death of him who reared it; but the orations of Demosthenes have survived the Roman empire of the first century, and may survive the German empire of the nineteenth century. Virgil never drew a sword, Cicero never commanded an army; yet, have they not conferred as much glory upon Rome as the bloody victories of Scylla and Caesar? The world owes more to the city of Athens than to the empire of Rome. Greece crowned her poets with the laurel wreath at the Olympic games, in the presence of their applauding countrymen, honored them during life, and erected statues to their memory. Rome lavished the highest offices upon her literary men: Sallust was a senator, Cicero was consul, Horace enjoyed the intimate friendship of Augustus; Virgil was also a favorite companion of Augustus, nor was he less a favorite of the Roman people, for when he entered the theatre the whole audience rose,—a mark of respect which belonged to the Emperor; Tacitus was raised to the consular dignity by the Emperor Nerva; Livy, the greatest of the Roman historians, was also one of Rome's most honored citizens.

Of all the noble specimens of Grecian architecture which crowned the Acropolis of Athens, and made that city the wonder and admiration of the world, the ruins of the Parthenon and a half-dozen columns of the Temples of Victory and of Jupiter alone remain; but the fables of the deformed slave, Æsop, which delighted the court of Croesus twenty-five hundred years ago, are still read and enjoyed. There was no spot on earth more full of interesting associations than the Capitol of Rome. Here, Romulus laid the foundation of that magnificent empire which was to embrace the whole world. Here, Camillus was proclaimed the

Second Founder of Rome. Here, Cicero delivered those matchless speeches which have placed him second only to Demosthenes among the orators of antiquity. Here, Cæsar fell, slain by the daggers of his perfidious friends. On the Capitoline Hill rose the Temple of Jupiter on a hundred steps, supported by a thousand pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the spoils of the universe. In the centre of this gorgeous temple the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and in the other wielding the sceptre of the world. The Capitol has long since fallen, the temples and palaces that surrounded it have all disappeared, but the orations of Cicero, which fired the last spark of Roman patriotism nineteen hundred years ago, have survived the wreck of kingdoms and empires, outlived "the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces" of imperial Rome, and as they were heard with profit in the decline of the great Roman Republic, they may be read with profit in the meridian splendor of the great American Republic to-day.

The Golden Palace of Nero long ago crumbled into dust, but the writings of Seneca, the most illustrious victim of Nero's cruelty, will forever stand, the imperishable monuments of human genius. A few mouldering ruins and broken arches alone remain of the magnificence of the Roman Cæsars, but the "Annals" of Tacitus, which record their vices and follies, will not perish until the great conflagration. All readers are familiar with the noble lines in which Byron laments the departed glory of ancient Rome—"the Niobe of nations stands childless and crownless in her voiceless woe," the wreath of victory and the crown of empire have fallen from her,

" — Time, war, flood, and fire
Have dealt upon the seven hill'd city's pride " ;

but "Tully's voice," and "Virgil's lay," and "Livy's pictured page" shall be her resurrection. So it has been, so it shall ever be! Cities perish, states decay, empires fall; but they live again in their poets, philosophers, orators, and historians. Should Great Britain be submerged to-morrow by the oceans that roll around her shores, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, and all

that illustrious line of poets, from Chaucer, the first, to Tennyson, the last, poet laureate, would make her immortal. Ay,

"England's fame might safely rest on one."

All history teaches us that literature flourishes more splendidly and possesses a greater influence under free governments than under despotisms. Athens, the freest of the Grecian states, was the seat of Grecian literature, the nursery of her poetry, the school of her philosophy. Her political independence terminated more than two thousand years ago, but she still lives in her glorious literature. She no longer wears the violet crown, but we can still join the disciples of Socrates, and listen to the teachings of the best and wisest of the ancient philosophers. We can still enter the Academic Grove and hear the sublime discourses of Plato the Divine. The literary glory of Rome culminated under the generous patronage of Augustus. Unfortunately, his wise example was not followed by the succeeding emperors. With a few brilliant exceptions, the masters of the world were monsters rather than men. Under their baleful influence, literature languished; the grace and strength which had distinguished the writers of the Augustan age gradually disappeared, and, when the Empire of the West fell, in 476, the pure, classic language of Cicero and Virgil was lost in a semi-barbarous dialect.

During the long sleep that followed the fall of the Roman Empire of the West the Eastern Empire remained buried in Cimmerian darkness. No discoveries in science were made, no books were written that deserved to be read. Why? Because the Eastern Empire was not much better than an Oriental despotism. Florence was the most democratic of the Italian states, and in Florence literature, science, and the arts were more assiduously cultivated than in all the rest of Italy combined. In Venice, where the nobles governed, and the people were slaves, literature was almost entirely neglected. The higher orders devoted their time, talents, and wealth to the maintenance of their power and the extension of their dominions, while in the lower classes literary pursuits were discouraged, and emulation completely extinguished. In Florence, on the contrary, liter-

any studies were encouraged by the example and promoted by the liberality of the rulers of the Republic. Lorenzo the Magnificent was himself a poet and a patron of poets, a scholar and a friend of scholars. Under his liberal government Florence became the garden of Italy, the fair seat of the arts and sciences, the academy of literature, the blooming bower of taste and refinement. The study of the Platonic philosophy was revived, and, in order to establish it upon a permanent basis, Lorenzo restored the annual feasts in honor of Plato, which had not been celebrated for twelve hundred years. These yearly festivals drew together the literati of Italy, and contributed greatly to foster the study of classical literature, and to popularize literature in general. Schools were multiplied and colleges were founded, which soon attained European celebrity. Their learned halls were thronged with students from France, Germany, and England. It has been estimated by Negri that Florence alone has produced two thousand writers, some of whom occupy the highest position in literature.

I have endeavored to show, and I think successfully, that literature is a flower that flourishes with most vigor, and attains the most splendid development, under free governments. England, for more than two hundred years, has been the freest of European states, and in no country has literature produced such rich and valuable fruits. Austria is the continuation of the Roman Empire in its decline, and who ever heard of an Austrian author? France, under Napoleon, was a military despotism. The Emperor entered in triumph every continental capital from Moscow to Madrid, but the conqueror of Austerlitz banished Madame de Staël, the first literary woman of her age, and threatened to shoot Chateaubriand, the ornament of French literature. While the sons of innkeepers and adventurers were made princes, dukes, and marshals of France, no reward was bestowed upon literary merit. The celebrated saying of Richelieu was reversed, and "the sword was mightier than the pen." Napoleon was surrounded by a court more brilliant in some respects than the court of Louis XIV.; but it wanted a Racine, a Corneille, a Boileau: it wanted poets as well as soldiers, wits as well as

warriors. It wanted graceful pens to record the deeds of a Ney, a Murat, a Duroc. The day came when the proud star of Napoleon was quenched forever in the blood of Waterloo. Those who had served him through interest now reviled him; some, whom his kindness had raised from nothing to wealth and power, were the first to turn from the setting to the rising sun; but the pen of the faithful Las Cases, who accompanied him to that exile which has left an indelible stain upon the honor of England, has rescued the name of Napoleon from the obloquy which the enemies of France endeavored to cast upon it.

Eugene L. Didier.

BALTIMORE, Md.

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

During the year 1886, a number of crude, but strikingly imaginative, poems appeared in the columns of the *Courier-Journal*, published at Louisville, Kentucky. These verses speedily attracted the attention of the readers of that paper, many of whom evinced a desire to know something of the new poet, who signed himself Madison J. Cawein. There was, in fact, so much freshness and daintiness about these productions, that even the old Louisvillians, who had worshipped at the shrines of Amelia B. Welby, Prentice, Cosby, and Gallagher, began to weaken in their allegiance, and reluctantly admitted that the art of writing good poetry was not obsolete in Kentucky.

My acquaintance with Mr. Cawein dates from this period of his history, and now, as his friend, it is my enviable privilege to contribute this brief biography to THE AUTHOR:—

Madison Julius Cawein was born at Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865, and his early years were passed quietly and uneventfully in a happy home circle, noted for its culture and refinement. While a pupil at the Male High School he evinced a fondness for versifying, and became a contributor to the *Courier-Journal*, but it was only after graduating, in 1887, that he appeared before the public as a full-plledged poet. His first book, a modest little volume, entitled "Blooms of the Berry," received but scant praise from the local critics, who were not disposed to honor a prophet in

his own land. It was reviewed most kindly, however, by William Dean Howells, who predicted a brilliant career for the young Kentuckian, whom he playfully styles "Our Madison."

In 1888, Mr. Cawein published "The Triumph of Music," a collection of exquisite lyrics dedicated to Mr. Howells, while in 1889, "Accolon of Gaul," a more ambitious work, served to establish his reputation as a poet, and secured for him the friendship of many literary men, both at home and abroad. His last book, "Lyrics and Idyls," contains the best poetry that he has written. It is replete with beautiful imagery, gorgeous word painting, and dramatic strength. As a disciple of the realistic school the poet gives us "Masks," "His First Mistress," and "Before the Ball"; but the love of Arcady is ever with him, so, turning away from the noisy streets, he sings sweetly of the "Cloistral Woods," where he longs

"God's livelong day to pass
Deep in cool forest grass"

A well known critic says of "Our Madison": "He is even better than the best that he has done, and can write a song more in Shakespeare's vein than any poet of the day." Speaking of himself, Mr. Cawein said to me: "I lead a dual existence; during the week the cares of a most uncongenial business monopolize my time, but Sunday is all my own. Then it is that I write poetry, cross the river, and go rambling over the Indiana Knobs, or call upon my friends."

Mr. Cawein is unmarried, and resides with his parents at their lovely home on Market street. Young, prepossessing in appearance, gifted with a charming personality, ambitious, and persevering, he is in every way worthy of the success he has achieved.

Elvira Sydnor Miller.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

FEEDING THE BRAIN.

There is a popular tradition that assumes the existence of an influence in a warm climate rendering the best achievements of mental labor difficult, if not impossible, especially in the field of creative art. But what is the truth in this connection? Is it authentically settled that mental energy is kept at a higher pitch of efficiency in a cold climate? This is a matter well worth investigation, and a word may not be amiss from one who has been led to examine

it from the point of view that regards its connection with literary productiveness.

The physical laws of brain-work are few and simple. The use of the brain results in a waste of tissue, just as the use of the arm enforces such waste of its muscular tissue. When subjected to heavy strain the brain is congested, full of blood, and is throwing off, by a sort of combustion, the most precious elements of its substance. Every literary worker has observed that if he sits down to write in a room pleasantly cool, he will soon find his feet growing cold. This is chiefly due to the draught made upon the blood by the brain, whereby the lower parts of the body are deprived of their normal supply. We have here the key to the whole problem involving the hygiene of brain-labor. But we must not leap to the conclusion that the disturbance of blood-circulation is the only factor in the problem. The circulation of nervous energy almost ceases in the lower extremities of the body during great mental effort, so that standing while writing has been found very exhausting, as well as productive of certain forms of disease.

The lungs, as the purifiers of the blood, should have perfect freedom of action and a constant supply of absolutely fresh air during the period of brain-work, else the supply of blood to the great organ of thought will be unfit for its use.

What, then, would be the ideal conditions for the best results in brain-work? The answer may be formulated thus: Pure air, a pleasant temperature, and a bodily posture giving free play to the heart and lungs. Can these conditions be satisfied in the North in winter? When the thermometer registers at zero or below, how shall a room be heated properly, and at the same time be thoroughly ventilated? At the South, where artificial heat is rarely needed, ventilation is perfectly practicable, and this part of the problem is already solved.

Two erroneous theories seem to be generally accepted: first, that in a warm climate fruit and vegetables are the most desirable diet; second, that physical exercise may be largely dispensed with when one lives practically in the open air. In the case of an invalid, I do not speak; let him follow his doctor's directions. For the healthy man or woman, however, who lives by the sweat of the brain, fruit and vegetables are not adequate diet. Good blood comes of the liberal eating of blood-making food and the deep breathing of pure air. Nothing can take the place of properly cooked meats; no climate can obviate the necessity of physical exercise. The sooner brain-workers find out these truths the better for them. You might

as well try to get blood out of a turnip or an orange by squeezing it, as to try eating it for that purpose. Who ever saw a prize-fighter training on apples and potatoes? All this talk about "brain-food" is mere twaddle. There is no brain-food. Stomach-food is the only food that avails any part of the system, and this food must be of a kind that fills the veins with rich, healthy blood; then the blood fills the brain. What will enrich the athlete's blood will serve the same turn for that of the literary animal. When the champion pugilist eats three or four pounds of fresh, sweet beef or mutton each day, he is not eating muscle-food, but blood-food. He takes care of his blood, and then wastes tissue where he wishes to improve it. If he exercises his arms most, he wastes most tissue there, and there the pure blood renews it with increment. The brain-worker must do likewise. In breathing, eating, and sleeping he must have reference to his blood. If his blood is rich, healthy, and plentiful, it will renew his brain with interest whenever tissue or nervous energy is wasted there. Take sufficient bodily exercise in the open air to keep digestion perfect; eat plenty of tender, under-done beef and mutton, fish and bread, eggs and ripe fruit (the last not oftener than once a day), and let coffee and tea go by. A little tobacco and a little wine will sometimes be found good, but it is better to eschew both.

But what has all this to do with the question of literary work in the extreme South? Just this: good meats are very hard to find in the South, and good cooking harder to find. True, the cooks of the South are famous, but fame is one thing and wholesomeness another thing. Beef-steak fried in lard or cotton-seed oil may taste well when highly seasoned, but it will not make pure blood, neither will bacon and fried potatoes, nor yet will fried oysters and catsup, still less will corn bread and fried fish, least of all fried bananas and carrots, with fritters and molasses, to say nothing of fruit pies and puddings. These things are the sources of Southern lassitude, biliousness, and apparent indolence.

What I make of the situation is this: food has almost everything to do with the working condition of the well-trained mind. If Scott had been fed on salt pork "sides" and sweet potato pie, "Ivanhoe" would not have been worth reading. How could Shakespeare have written "Romeo and Juliet" with his stomach full of rancid butter, corn bread, and boiled turnips? If the South and the North were to exchange soils to-day, so that the South would have the sweet pastures, the fine, fat cattle, and the bread and milk and cooking of the North,

while the North would have the cotton-seed oil and hog-fat and cooking of the South, it would n't be twenty years till New Orleans, Mobile, and Savannah would be the great centres of American art and letters, while New York and Boston would be populated with sallow dyspeptics, whose song-burden from morning till night would be the "everlasting effect of a cold climate."—*Maurice Thompson, in America.*

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Lafcadio Hearn, author of "Chita" and "Youma," as a man is as widely distinct from the other types of mankind with which he mingles as his romance is peculiarly a type of its own.

I am one of three newspaper men now living in New York who knew Mr. Hearn when he struggled as a reporter, making his start in the world of letters.

As I knew him fifteen years ago, Mr. Hearn would attract attention anywhere; not because of a superior presence, but rather on account of his oddity among the multitude of the streets. He was a little man, below the medium height, with a stature still further shortened by a habit of rounding his shoulders and bending his head forward, whether walking, sitting, or standing. He seemed to be painfully conscious—over conscious, indeed,—of his appearance. The sight of one eye was entirely destroyed, and the glazed surface constantly bespoke the loss. The other eye was near-sighted, and, as a consequence, Mr. Hearn never read or wrote a line which was not within four inches or less of his face. His imperfect sight being confined to one eye caused his head to follow the line from left to right and back, like the motion of the typewriter.

He went upon the street during the daytime no more than was necessary, and then chose the most secluded thoroughfares. But late at night, when his reportorial duties were done, when the paper had gone to press, and the city was asleep, this homely genius and gentle-souled dreamer would walk the streets till dawn, weaving in his tropical brain the most fanciful pictures a human mind could put together.

His nature was as timid as a woman's; he had a habit of approaching with a step as light as felt and a ghost-like motion. His words were uttered in a low, confidential tone, which frequently sank to something only a few degrees above a whisper. His habit to approach those whom he liked, until his face was almost in contact, while conversing, I

doubt not still clings to this wonderful weaver of fiction. And while he talked in those cooing, purring, confidential tones he had a habit of smoothing the nap on your overcoat, twisting a button gently, as if to test its fastenings, or slyly inserting a finger into a button-hole, while he as gently insinuated his confiding soul into the heart of his vis-a-vis.

His first newspaper triumph was won in descriptive work upon what is still known in Cincinnati as "The Tan-Yard Murder," which occurred in 1874. Previous to that time a knowledge of Mr. Hearn's existence is a possession of his own almost exclusively. Colonel Cockerill, of the *World*, was at that time managing editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. A few weeks previous to "The Tan-Yard Murder," Mr. Hearn came to the *Enquirer* office to sell a manuscript. Upstairs he ventured, but there his courage failed him. It was not enough to induce him to brave the awful editorial presence. So he paced up and down the hall with his velvet, restless tread until the awful door opened and the terrible giant came forth. Hearn would, no doubt, have run away, had he not been at the rear of the hall when Mr. Cockerill came out into the other end, and the stairway was between.

Thus it occurred that the author of "Chita" sold his first manuscript, or had it submitted. He came with more on future occasions, but never could he persuade himself to knock at that editorial door for admission. Up and down, up and down the hall he would pace or glide until Colonel Cockerill came forth, whether the time consumed in waiting was ten minutes or two hours.

However, Mr. Hearn finally was put upon the regular staff of the *Enquirer*, and long did good work there.

Mr. Hearn and I labored together under Colonel Cockerill's editorship for some years thereafter, up to the time he went to New Orleans. He was continually talking of the tropics and the lands of dreams, passion, and vendettas. He chafed at the phlegmatic life and habits of the North. None of those who knew him were surprised, therefore, when he announced his intention to go to New Orleans.

Mr. Hearn had scarcely become acclimated when the yellow fever scourged New Orleans and almost depopulated Memphis. For months nothing was heard of him by his friends and former newspaper associates in Cincinnati. When the disease had run its course, Mr. Krehbiel, then a reporter on the *Cincinnati Gazette*, received a characteristic letter from Hearn. The writer expressed his inability to understand the workings of Providence, because

beautiful women, manly, handsome men, and lovely children had been stricken around about him on every hand, while he, the uncouth in appearance, for whom no human heart would quicken its pulsation at the announcement of his death, had been wholly ignored by the yellow reaper of death's harvest. His letter ended the subject by a suggestion that it might be possible yellow fever drew the line of its acquaintanceship on the plane of personal appearance, and that he, Lafcadio Hearn, occupied a position beyond the line. — O. P. Caylor, in the *Philadelphia North American*.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was born in Boston in August, 1844, her father at that time holding a pastorate in this city. Four years later her father accepted the professorship in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family removed to that village, some twenty miles from Boston, which has always since been their home. Miss Phelps' mother was Elizabeth Stuart, a daughter of Professor Moses Stuart, a celebrated New England theologian. The literary gift was in the family on both sides, and it is little wonder that it took such a profound and brilliant development in the eldest child of Professor Austin and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. It is recorded, I believe, that Miss Phelps was not christened with her mother's name, but that, on the death of her mother, which occurred when she was eight years of age, the name she bears was given her. An intimate friend, writing of Miss Phelps, says: —

"For a few months after leaving school she threw all her energy into mission work in Abbott Village, a little factory settlement a mile or two from her home; but the forces in her, for which this gave no scope, soon began to assert themselves, and in the spring of 1863 she sent a war story, called 'A Sacrifice Consumed,' to *Harper's Magazine*. The editor returned her a generous check for it, with the request that she should write for them again. It was appreciation for which she has always been grateful, coming as it did when she was uncertain of her own power and peculiarly in need of encouragement. She has been a frequent contributor to that magazine from then till now. '*Harper's* never refused a story of mine in all my life,' she says, 'with one single exception — that, not when I was a beginner. To this uniform encouragement I attribute more than to any other one thing what literary success I afterward had.'

"The Tenth of January" appeared in the *Atlantic* later, and gained literary recognition, besides ex-

citing profound interest. It was a story of the burning of the Pemberton mills, at Lawrence, a realistic picture, quite as vivid as any author has made since.

"She had written a little at intervals before, the first thing she printed being a story in the *Youth's Companion*. She was then thirteen.

"The artist element was strong in her nature. She had extreme sensibility to color, and no little skill with brush and pencil. While she was still walking in the bright mist of her young girlhood, seeing the future through eager eyes, though dimly, the artist life was one of her dearest dreams.

"With this went a certain distaste for the usual feminine employments, arising from a vague opinion that to sew meant to do little else, and from a positive rebellion against being cramped away from her full native bent. It was in a mood of this sort she one day held up to a school friend a thimble in one hand and a paint-brush in the other, saying, 'It is a choice between the two.'"

In 1868, when she was but twenty-four years of age, "The Gates Ajar" appeared, and it had then lain, completed, for two years in the publisher's hands. Almost at once it created a *furor*. It was translated into four other languages, and its influence, steadily growing, has made itself a vast factor in liberalizing and spiritualizing religious thought.

No American woman has, perhaps, so closely related herself to the sympathies of the American people as has Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, because her appeal to humanity has been on its highest side, and in regard to its most intimate and most permanent interests. She is not only a successful novelist, a great and thoughtful essayist, but she is one of the spiritual teachers of this age. In this relation she comes nearest to every one who lives earnestly, and who aspires toward that higher and more permanent plane which is found on the spiritual rather than the material side of life. — *Lillian Whiting, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Clark Russell was born at the Carlton House Hotel, Broadway, in the city of New York, February 24, 1844. His father was Henry Russell, the famous composer, whose songs, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "To the West," "Far, Far, upon the Sea," "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," and many other compositions of a like kind, achieved more for emigration than any other appeals ever made. Clark Russell's mother was Miss Lloyd, a connection of the poet Wordsworth and the associate in

her youth of Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, and others of that school.

Clark Russell was educated at Winchester and in France, and was sent to sea as a midshipman in the merchant service at the age of thirteen and a half. He made several voyages to India, Australia, and China, and was on one occasion lying for twenty-two months at anchor in the bay of Pechili, at the mouth of the river Peiho, China. He abandoned the sea after seven or eight years of it with a taste for literature that entirely dominated his father's desire to interest him in commerce. He wrote a few novels under a *nom de plume*, and contributed to a few London periodicals. He wrote his first nautical novel, "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," in 1874. The success of this book was great and immediate. It was followed by "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which appears to have proved the most popular of his stories, though in no sense, in his opinion, is it comparable with his later works. In the "Grosvenor" he anticipated the efforts which have been made by Samuel Plimsoll to improve the dietary of the British seaman. "The Little Loo" followed the "Grosvenor," and then came in rapid succession "A Sailor's Sweetheart," "An Ocean Free Lance," "A Sea Queen," and "The Lady Maud."

At this time Clark Russell was associated with the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the property of the eloquent Joseph Cowen, then one of the members for that city; but being importuned by the proprietors of the *London Daily Telegraph* to join the staff of that journal, he reluctantly bade his friend Joseph Cowen farewell, and settled in London. There he wrote "Jack's Courtship" and the "Strange Voyage," at the same time contributing stories and leading articles to the *Daily Telegraph*. His health failed him, and he was obliged to take up his residence by the sea-side. While at Ramsgate, in Kent, he continued to write for the *Daily Telegraph*, but with growing dislike of the work, as the exactions upon his time and imagination grew heavier and heavier in proportion as his publishers asked for fresh novels from him. At Ramsgate he wrote "The Golden Hope," "The Death Ship," "A Frozen Pilot," and "Marooned."

In 1887 his connection with the *Daily Telegraph* ceased, but the greater bulk of his contributions to that paper have been published in volumes such as "Round the Galley Fire," "My Watch Below," "In the Middle Watch," "On the Fok'sle Head," etc. These works cover a very extensive range of seafaring interests. Since 1888 he has lived at Deal, where he has written "An Ocean Tragedy,"

"My Shipmate Louise," "Betwixt the Forelands," a "Life of Nelson,"—for G. P. Putnam's Sons,— "The Romance of Jenny Harlowe," and other works. He is now engaged upon a novel entitled "Helga." His next move will be to Bath, where he hopes to obtain some alleviation of his sufferings from gout.

Clark Russell's ambition has always been to raise the naval novel to its rightful position in literature. He thinks, of course, of the sea as an Englishman and as a member of a nation that owes all her greatness to the ocean. He found the sea story in the hands of writers for boys—in the hands of a class of men who knew nothing of the ocean and its life, and who made their books out of Saturday-to-Monday chats with lying boatmen in sea-side holiday haunts. The fine traditions created by Dana, Herman Melville, Cooper, Marryatt, Michael Scott, and one or two others—for the great English-speaking race has produced only a very few nautical novelists—were gravely imperilled by these writers for boys when Clark Russell began to deal with the ocean. He claims to have raised the standard of the nautical novel. Whatever he has written, whether dealing with sea effects, with ships, or with sailors, he has described out of his own observation and experience. His seamen are people he has sailed with, his storms and calms are those which he has encountered. His mirror may be but a hand-glass, but he knows that he has faithfully held it up to old ocean, and that, tiny as is the reflected part compared to the whole, yet what is painted upon the little glass is the truth itself. — *The Book Buyer for April.*

CELIBATE AUTHORS.

First of all, let me mention Pope, one of the most intellectual poets of any period of literature; precocious in childhood, and in manhood the wonder and admiration of all who enjoyed the fruits of his genius. But, notwithstanding all his greatness in letters, it is exceedingly doubtful if he ever loved any woman, since the encouragement on his part to do so was so slight. Pope owned a beautiful home at Twickenham, not far from London, and, besides, was the possessor of a fine fortune; but how in the world could any woman of taste take a fancy to a man who, notwithstanding his genius, fame, and riches, was physically a miserable dwarf, and more or less of the time a victim of disease? And so Alexander Pope lived and died a bachelor.

With Cowper the case was otherwise. A poet of rare gifts, in person attractive, he was also of a most

affectionate disposition, but one of the shyest and most melancholy of mortals,—so much so, indeed, as to be on the verge of insanity at times. Cowper was much admired by the opposite sex,—two of whom—Lady Austin and Mrs. Unwin, women of rare character and social graces—were especially fond of his society; and, had their lot in early life been otherwise cast, might have loved him with that passion which lies deeper than mere friendship. As it was, however, they gave the lonely man their best friendship, while in their homes the poet found for years that tender sympathy and regard so dear to one of his peculiar nature.

Thomas Gray, author of the world-famous "Elegy," is said never to have loved but one woman in all his life, and she was his mother. His affection for her bordered close upon idolatry, and after she died he was never known to speak her name without shedding tears.

There is nothing on record to show that Goldsmith ever fell in love. He was a shy mortal, and, besides, was always too much absorbed in books, literary toil, and "The Club" to give any heed to affairs of mere sentiment.

In early manhood Charles Lamb fell in love with a young lady acquaintance, and his affection for her was fully reciprocated; but his Sister Mary,—to whom he was greatly attached,—in whom insanity one day suddenly developed itself, made it, as it seemed to him, a paramount duty for him to care for the unfortunate one through life, and so Lamb sacrificed all desire for marriage for the sake of her allied to him by the ties of flesh and blood. With the exception of occasional intervals, when it became absolutely necessary for him to place her in an asylum until her frenzy should abate, the brother and sister dwelt together in the most devoted manner until death severed the earthly tie. Their joint life, while loving in the extreme, and singularly rich in literary accomplishment, furnishes one of the most pathetic pictures in its way in all history.

John Keats, the ideal poet, gave the impression to the world, in certain ways, that he disdained the idea of ever contemplating matrimony; but, as much of his private correspondence shows, the author of "Endymion" did love, and fervently, and, had he lived, would have married the one girl of his undying affections.

Lord Macaulay appears to have been too thoroughly devoted to the cause of literature and politics to indulge in matrimonial ventures, and throughout his long life there is very little, in fact, to show that he thought especially highly of women.

The charming novelists, Jane Austen, Mary Rus-

sell Mitford, Charlotte Brontë, as also other women of equal celebrity in English letters, remained true to maidenhood; while the unhappy William Collins, author of certain beautiful odes, which are deathless by reason of their exquisite grace, with Arthur Hugh Clough, Charles Reade, and the late Wilkie Collins, all were bachelors, the last two old in years.

Of living unmarried English writers, the poet Swinburne is one of the most prominent. He is said to love all beautiful women, whether married or not, though it is rumored he has never been known to propose to any lady.

Jeannet Ingelow, now considerably more than fifty-five, has never married. She has always been devoted in a marked degree to her mother, and while the latter lived the two dwelt together. Miss Ingelow is much given to works of charity, and, among other beneficent acts, is in the habit of giving regularly, at her lovely Kensington home, to the poor, old and young, what are known as "copyright dinners," from the proceeds of her own books.

Herbert Spencer, the most popular scientist since Darwin left the world, is an old bachelor, close on to seventy. He divides his time between his two homes at Brighton and Bournemouth, though formerly he resided in London. The outside world has never known much of Mr. Spencer's inner life, but the opinion appears to be very general that all his years he has been too seriously engrossed in scientific speculation to turn aside even once to love-making.

Turning to our own country, we find no inconsiderable number of the literary guild outside the ranks of matrimony.

In young manhood, and while fame was beginning to dawn upon him, Washington Irving became engaged to a lovely girl, who passed from earth at the early age of eighteen. To the hour of his decease, the lover of two and a half-score years before was wont to cherish with devout tenderness the beautiful memory of his betrothed, and when he passed away there lay on a table at his bedside the little Bible, given him in the long ago, in which was written, in her own artless hand, the name of the giver, "Matilda Hoffman."

Fitz-Greene Halleck once exhibited much fondness for a young lady with whom he became acquainted after he had attained middle life, but nothing ever came of the affair, and the poet died, as he had lived, a bachelor.

Thoreau, the recluse of Walden Pond, was altogether removed from that type of manhood which cares particularly for the opposite sex. He thought more of books, trees, birds, and things such as

relate to the natural world than of those considerations which have to do with matrimony.

The Cary sisters, Phoebe and Alice, never married, but dwelt together all their lives, each bound up in the love of the other. There was a bond of close friendship existing between them and the poet Whittier, and one of his choicest lyrics, "The Singers," refers wholly to these two gifted women.

Artemus Ward, whose untimely death is lamented to this day, never married. The humorist left all his earthly possessions to his widowed mother, for whom his affection was a marked feature of his inner life.

Of all living American writers, at least in the domain of poetry, John Greenleaf Whittier stands first. So far as is known, he has never sought the hand of woman in marriage. However, it is related of him that in very early life he loved a sweet young girl, of whom he sings in the sad and tender ballad, "My Playmate." His was the love such as a bashful boy bears a shy maid. The twain were separated while still in youth by the removal of the girl's parents to the far South, and the two never met again.

Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of "Lake Country Sketches," and other graphic stories; Sarah Orne Jewett, who wrote "A Country Doctor" and "Deephaven" sketches, as well as other books which have proved so delightful to readers everywhere; Edith M. Thomas, the exquisite lyricist; Grace King, author of the attractive Southern tale, "Monsieur Motte"; and Octave Thanet, a name which veils the personality of a Western writer of striking originality, — are all still unmarried.

Charles Egbert Craddock, who, through her brilliant characterizations and rich descriptive powers, has won a lasting fame, now resides with her mother and sister at the old homestead in Tennessee, occupied with literary work, and deaf to all overtures on the part of her many admirers looking to marriage.

Gail Hamilton is too much wrapped up in her self-independence ever to give the subject of matrimony a moment's thought, if taken into personal consideration; while Kate Field, as the great public knows, is too much in love with journalism to believe she would be happier as the wife of any living man.

Edgar Fawcett continues unwilling to become a Benedict; while Hezekiah Butterworth, of "Zig Zag" journey fame, James Whitcomb Riley, and Clinton Scollard, and others who could be named if necessary, swell the list of those who enjoy lives of single blessedness. — *George Newell Lovejoy, in the New York Star.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*• THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

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Address:—

THE AUTHOR,
BOSTON, MASS.

(P. O. Box 1905.)

VOL. II. APRIL 15, 1890. NO. 4.

Items of personal gossip about literary people and notes about their work are always wanted for THE AUTHOR.

The pages of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR are always open to any one who has anything pertinent to say about any topic connected with literary work.

News notes published in either THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR are not repeated in the other magazine. In order to keep well informed about events in the literary world it is necessary to read both periodicals.

The editor of THE WRITER wants information about every literary club in the United States, for use in compiling the "Directory of Writers," now in preparation. Subscribers for THE AUTHOR will confer a favor by sending to him particulars about such societies. Secretaries of literary societies throughout the country are

invited to communicate with the editor of THE WRITER, and particularly to send to him lists of members, with their addresses.

The publisher of THE AUTHOR will send, post-paid, to any address, any book that may be desired, on receipt of the publisher's advertised price.

The supply of single numbers of THE AUTHOR for some months of 1889 is nearly exhausted, and the stock of bound volumes is rapidly diminishing. Those who want to make their files complete should send their orders before it is too late.

No writer who is entitled to mention in the forthcoming "Directory of Writers, Editors, and Publishers" can afford to have his name omitted from the work. Those who have not sent to the editor of THE WRITER the desired particulars are urged to do so at once, as much for their own interest as that the first edition of the Directory may be complete.

Three bound volumes of THE WRITER and one bound volume of THE AUTHOR are now ready for delivery. The four volumes will be sent, post-paid, to any address for five dollars. For two dollars more,—seven dollars in all,—a subscription for THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR for 1890 will be given in addition. The price of single bound volumes of either magazine is \$1.50.

Each subscriber for THE AUTHOR is asked to send to the editor the names and addresses of writers in the city or town in which he lives. These addresses are wanted for the "Directory of Writers," soon to be published. The editor desires to make the first edition of the Directory as nearly as possible complete, and he would much prefer to receive the same address from twenty different people than to run the risk of omitting it by oversight from the list.

"THE WRITER" FOR APRIL.

The April number of THE WRITER contains: "The Ideal Country Paper," by J. A. Bolles; "Foreign Phrases in English Composition," by W. H. S. Lloyd; "Advice to a Literary Aspirant,"

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Literary Symmetry," by Charles Moreau Harger; "From the Publisher's Point of View," by Alice M. Guernsey; "What is a Book Review Worth?" by William Perry Brown; Editorial, "The Lothrop Literature Prizes"; "Queries"; "The Scrap Basket"; "The Use and Misuse of Words"; "Book Reviews"; "Helpful Hints and Suggestions"; "Literary Articles in Periodicals"; and "News and Notes." Every subscriber for THE AUTHOR should be a WRITER subscriber as well.

THE MUSIC OF TENNYSON'S POETRY.

In the union of art and nature, in the creation of an all-pervading, all-absorbing atmosphere, Tennyson yields to none; and, Milton and Coleridge excepted, we have had no other so emphatically a master of the music of words — words rich in meaning — since Shakespeare. Mr. Stedman says of his music that it is passion itself; a statement to be profitably pondered by those of the opinion that passion is not among Tennyson's possessions. The faculty of musical utterance, as Coleridge observes, is not an attachment to the poet, but an integral part of the imagination. Coleridge thought in music when he wrote verse, Tennyson thinks in music. The music and the meaning in his lines are more than interwoven, they are interfused; and so perfect is the fusion that, at the least touch of an altering hand, the play of iridescent evanescences is over, the charm has vanished. This mystic voice, perhaps the rarest of gifts to mortals,

— overtakes

Far thought with music that it makes,

and, attesting virtues but imperfectly expressed by the phrase, the Virgil of English verse affirms the enchanter. — *John Vance Cheney, in the Chautauquan for May.*

AUTHORS IN CONVERSATION.

Dr. Johnson once remarked, "It is wonderful what a difference there sometimes is between a man's powers of writing and of talking." Among authors it runs the whole gamut of possibilities, from Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll," to the brilliant and versatile Macaulay, who, Sidney Smith caustically said, "talked until he overflowed and stood in the slops." What are the peculiar convolutions of the brain, or proportions of gray matter, which bring about so seemingly contradictory results?

Dr. Cutter says, "The higher mental faculties require the concerted action of different parts of the cerebral surface." Do the correlated parts act in concert in writing, but, affected by external conditions, refuse to act in conversation? Does the one require a different brain action from the other? Is it some bumptious growth of the skull? Psychologist, phrenologist, scientist, who will answer?

Apart from this, the facts themselves are interesting. Dr. Johnson considered that for conversation "there must, in the first place, be knowledge; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind." Authors certainly do not lack the first three, but we find many who seem to have lacked the presence of mind. Shyness sent Hawthorne into concealment in the fields to avoid conversation. Irving, at home, was a lively talker, with plenty of fun and drollery, but "when among strangers, where he was conscious of particular or critical observation," his vivacity, and wit, and drollery failed him. Whittier is equally shy and reserved. Byron did not like to meet strangers, saying they expected great things of him, and he was only a "common man in conversation." Addison's difference in power of conversation and power of writing is pithily expressed by his remark: "I have only ninepence in my pocket, but I can draw for a thousand pounds."

Longfellow's natural reserve made it sometimes impossible for him to express himself in ordinary intercourse, and Hugh Miller's shyness would not allow him to accept invitations to general gatherings, though he was a cordial and entertaining host.

Gloom and taciturnity, due to bad habits, lack of popular favor, or peculiar nervous temperament, have affected others. De Quincey says he "did n't speak a hundred words while at Oxford." All through life he disliked to travel by rail or coach, lest fellow-passengers should try to talk with him.

Swift was equally taciturn, pungently saying in excuse, "The greatest talkers are the least doers, as the still sow eats up all the broth," and Steele says Swift's turn in conversation was peculiar to that gentleman. Dr. Young was gloomy in conversation; Dryden, "slow and dull," and his "humor saturnine and reserved." Butler was so poor a talker that Charles II. did not believe he had written "Hudibras." Even Thackeray was heavy in conversation. Some have been self-contained, and enjoyed sufficiently the luxury of their own minds. Pope and Byron both preferred seclusion "to the most agreeable conversation."

Some authors have been mentally *ambidextrous*, and could talk and write equally well. Johnson was much sought for his conversational powers. Hallam was a copious talker, and would keep the conversation brisk and spirited. Moore was welcomed everywhere because of his affability and entertaining powers. Irving said he was "always a sprightly and reliable conversationalist." Scott was a master spirit, "as glorious in his conversation as in his writing." Coleridge was brilliant and indefatigable, while Miss Edgeworth could talk even better than she wrote. — *W. H. Small, in the Journal of Education.*

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 54. — Can any reader of THE AUTHOR tell me who wrote the following Locomotive Song, and what its correct title is, and where it may be found? I carried the newspaper slip containing it in my pocket-book years ago till it was worn to a rag and lost: —

With a clang.
With clank and a clang.
With clamor, a clank, and a clang;
With clatter, and clamor, a clank, and a clang,
With veins full of fire, and the arteries steam,
Roused to the pulse of a feverish dream, etc.

And it goes on over rivers, through tunnels, along valleys, and so describes the scenery of a swiftly flying landscape, in the end slowing down, as it began, "with a clang!"

J. H. E. W.

New York, N. Y.

No. 55. — What authors have written in behalf of freedom of speech and of the press in the line of Milton's "Defense of Free Printing," "Areopagitica," and John Stuart Mill "On Liberty"?

New York, N. Y.

E. W. C.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 50. — James Hurdis, D. D. (1763-1801), was a native of Sussex, educated at St. Mary's Hall, and Magdalene College, Oxford. Rector of Bishopstone, 1791; Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1793. He published a number of poems, lectures on poetry, sermons, and theological works. A collective edition of his poetical works was published at Oxford, in 1808, 3 vols., 8vo. Reviewed in *London Retrospective Review*, Vol. I. (1820), 58-70. The critic remarks that Hurdis had imbibed so much of the

manner and spirit of the author of "The Task" "as to entitle him, without much inaccuracy, to the title of a disciple of Cowper." Hurdis' best known poetical compositions are: "The Village Curate," 1788; "Tragedy of Sir Thomas More," 1792; and "The Favorite Village," 1800. His theological works are: "A Short Critical Disquisition" on the true meaning of the word *התנינים* (which he contends signifies the Crocodile), found in Genesis, i: 21, Lon.: 1790, 8vo.; "Select Critical Remarks upon the Eng. Version of the First Ten Chaps. of Genesis," 1793, 8vo.; "Dissert. on Psalm and Prophecy," 1800, 8vo. See life prefixed by Miss Hurdis to the Oxford edition of his poems: Hayley's "Life of Cowper"; *London Monthly Review*. [From Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, Vol. I., p. 925.]

P. G. M.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 51. — The following is copied from "The Verbalist," by Alfred Ayres, under the heading "Index Expurgatorius": "William Cullen Bryant, who was a careful student of English, while he was editor of the *New York Evening Post* sought to prevent the writers for that paper from using over and above (for 'more than'); artiste (for 'artist'); aspirant; authoress; beat (for 'defeat'); bagging (for 'capturing'); balance (for 'remainder'); banquet (for 'dinner' or 'supper'); bogus; casket (for 'coffin'); claimed (for 'asserted'); collided; commence (for 'begin'); compete; cortège (for 'procession'); cotemporary (for 'contemporary'); couple (for 'two'); darky (for 'negro'); day before yesterday (for 'the day before yesterday'); début; decrease (as a verb) [Query: Isn't this last a typographical error for 'decease'?]; democracy (applied to a political party); develop (for 'expose'); devouring element (for 'fire'); donate; employé; enacted (for 'acted'); indorse (for 'approve'); er route; esq.; graduates (for 'is graduated'); gents (for 'gentlemen'); 'Hon.'; House (for 'House of Representatives'); humbug; inaugurate (for 'begin'); in our midst; item (for 'particle', 'extract', or 'paragraph'); is being done, and all passives of this form; jeopardize; jubilant (for 'rejoicing'); juvenile (for 'boy'); lady (for 'wife'); last (for 'latest'); lengthy (for 'long'); leniency (for 'lenity'); loafer; loan or loaned (for 'lend' or 'lent'); located; majority (relating to places or circumstances, for 'most'); Mrs. President, Mrs. Governor, Mrs. General, and all similar titles; mutual (for 'common'); official (for 'officer'); ovation; on yesterday; over his signature; pants (for 'pantaloons'); parties (for 'persons'); partially (for 'partly'); past two weeks (for 'last

two weeks,' and all similar expressions relating to a definite time); poetess; portion (for 'part'); posted (for 'informed'); progress (for 'advance'); reliable (for 'trustworthy'); rendition (for 'performance'); repudiate (for 'reject' or 'disown'); retire (as an active verb); Rev. (for 'the Rev.');

rôle (for 'part'); roughs; rowdies; secesh; sensation (for 'noteworthy event'); standpoint (for 'point of view'); start, in the sense of setting out; state (for 'say'); taboo; talent (for 'talents' or 'ability'); talented; tapis; the deceased; war (for 'dispute' or 'disagreement')."

J. F. G.

AMHERST, Mass.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Fields.—Mrs. James T. Fields, widow of the well-known publisher, James T. Fields, is the author of several interesting poems and prose sketches. Her pleasant home on Charles street, Boston, is full of pictures, statues, works of art, and bric-à-brac, collected by Mr. Fields and herself during their many trips abroad. A lovely garden in the rear of the house extends to the waters of Charles river, with the "Old Bridge with wooden piers," which Longfellow sang of, in full view from the windows, which overlook the garden and distant hills. Mrs. Fields is always engaged in works of charity, and is the founder of numerous five-cent "Coffee Rooms," where the poor can refresh themselves during the winter weather. — *Epoch*.

"Marion Harland."—Among the best known and most widely read of living authors the name of Marion Harland stands conspicuous to-day. She is a charming, cultivated, attractive woman, full of life and energy, and a bright and entertaining person to meet and to know. She speaks with a noticeable Southern accent, and shows in both speech and manner that she is a daughter of old Virginia. Her dark hair, now tinged with gray, is drawn back and slightly puffed over her forehead, beneath which her dark eyes look out kindly and intelligently upon the world in which she plays so active a part. Marion Harland has been for many years the wife of Dr. Edward P. Terhune, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Terhune is the mother of two daughters, both of whom are married, and one son, who has not yet finished his studies. Mrs. Terhune has always shown herself to be especially sympathetic and companionable with young girls, who, in their turn, have seldom failed to return her kindly friendship with a most sincere affection and confidence. She is always interested and enthusiastic, a most

delightful and entertaining person in society, and a perfect housekeeper and thorough "home-maker" in every sense of the word. The Terhune household is a charming place to enter, where visitors are always welcomed, and where they always anticipate going again. Altogether, it may truthfully be said that Marion Harland combines in herself more capabilities and attractions than are generally possessed by one person alone, in a world where desirable personal gifts are usually doled out somewhat too discriminately. M.

Praed.—Mrs. Campbell Praed is the daughter of a Queensland squatter, Mr. Murray-Prior, and the granddaughter of an Irish Colonel Murray-Prior, who fought at Waterloo. Her father was Postmaster-General of Queensland, and held other ministerial positions, but her youth was passed amidst the ruggedly simple conditions of life at a bush station. She married in 1872 Campbell Praed, son of a well-known London banker and nephew of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the poet. The young couple went to live upon an island off the Queensland coast that was not only a solitude, but almost a desert, and with mosquitoes, in their season, in such clouds that they "offered a palpable resistance to one's hand, and their noise was like the roar of distant machinery." They consoled themselves for their isolation and all their discomforts by reflecting upon the one advantage of their island—that no robber could brand their calves, their cattle could not stray off, their herds must increase more rapidly than upon a mainland station, and then they would invest the quickly made fortune and set sail for England. Whether or not the fortune was made, to London they went after three years upon the island. Mrs. Praed studied metropolitan life at her leisure, and did not publish her first book, "An Australian Heroine," till 1880. The freshness of its subject and its skillful treatment made it a success, and in the ten years since she has published thirteen more stories—several dealing wholly with Australian life. Twice she has collaborated with Justin McCarthy: in the successful "The Right Honorable," and in "The Ladies' Gallery," which latter Mrs. Praed dramatized for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. She dramatized another story, "The Bonds of Wedlock," in which Mrs. Bernard Beere interpreted the heroine. Mrs. Praed has been ordered away from an English winter's fogs and misery to Algeria, but promises another novel for speedy publication, "The Rival Princess." — *Providence Journal*.

Proctor.—One of the many delightful women whom Mrs. Grover Cleveland has attracted to New

York during the past winter is Miss Edna Dean Proctor, whose verse one continually wishes might be more generally seen in magazine literature. But Miss Proctor has an ample income of her own, is in no wise dependent upon her pen, and thus she writes only as the inspiration comes to her. As I saw this gifted writer in New York a fortnight ago she was exceedingly attractive, and I can readily understand Mrs. Cleveland's fondness for her. Her carriage is most dignified, and there is a quiet charm and elegance in her manner which at once bespeak the woman of culture and refinement. She is, I should judge, of middle age, and looks straight at you through a pair of most expressive seal-brown eyes. Her hair is steel gray, combed back so as to reveal a broad, high forehead. Her dress is quiet in effect, but rich in its material. Her charities are numerous, but unostentatious. She is, in every sense, a typical New England woman. Her winters are spent with relatives in South Framingham, near Boston, while her summers are divided between her beautiful New Hampshire birthplace and the home of the poet Whittier, of whom she is an intimate friend. — *Edward W. Bok's Syndicate Letter.*

Tolstoi. — Dr. Alice B. Stockham, of this city, who, during her recent visit to Russia, was for two days the guest of Count Tolstoi and his family, has many interesting facts to tell of their personal appearance, characteristics, and methods of living. She is especially enthusiastic in her praise of the Countess, a beautiful woman, who, although forty-six and the mother of thirteen children, has still the freshness of youth in her face as well as in her heart. Her habits are simplicity itself. When first seen by Dr. Stockham at her country house the noble Russian lady, dressed in a calico wrapper, was engaged in trundling her baby in the woods. Almost as unpretending was her afternoon dress of plain black woollen, made as simply as possible. Countess Tolstoi is a busy woman, for not only does she attend to her domestic concerns, which, with a large family and inefficient Russian servants, demands both time and labor, but also to her husband's business affairs. She has, in addition to all this, made numerous hektograph copies of some of his books that are forbidden publication, but that in this form are circulated through the mails. Her children are taught to make themselves useful and assist in domestic work. Nine of them are now living, the youngest being a child of two years. The oldest daughter at home, a sweet girl of eighteen, with a pretty, spiritual face, is in ardent sympathy with her father's views, and often helps him in his labors for and with the poor. All members

of this interesting family speak English perfectly. — *Chicago Tribune.*

Ward. — Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is much beloved in Boston and Gloucester (her summer home), on account of her efforts in the cause of temperance. She has established in Gloucester a "Fishermen's Reading-room," where the men can enjoy games of all sorts, read the papers, and amuse themselves to their hearts' content. She has also founded little "Coffee Rooms" for the townspeople, where one and all can be entertained in bitter weather. Mrs. Ward's home in summer is at the extremity of Eastern Point. Her cottage is not pretentious in any way. Near by is a picturesque old lighthouse. The grassy grounds which enclose the cottage lead directly down to the water. Gray rocks border the shore. A boundless, beautiful view of the ocean may be had from the little piazza, which contains a swinging hammock. The interior of the house has a very cosy, inviting den, or study, and in it many of Mrs. Ward's charming poems were written. — "*B. B.*," in the *Epoch*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The American Dramatic Authors' Society has organized in New York by electing Bronson Howard president, and Leonard Grover, C. A. Byrne, and Clay M. Greene, vice-presidents. Any one is eligible to membership who has written a play that has been produced in good faith in a place where an admission fee was charged.

Wilkie Collins is said to have remarked shortly before his death: "After more than thirty years' study of the art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and 'The Antiquary' is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels."

Olive Schreiner is now living at Cape Town, Africa.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, whose story, "In the Haworth," appeared in the April *Harper's*, is the dramatic critic of the *Argonaut*, and is acknowledged to be the leading critic in San Francisco. She has written a number of graceful sketches of Gotham society for the *Argonaut*, under the nom de plume of "Iris," and was the author of the series of articles, "New York Life," which appeared in the *New York Tribune*, and which attracted a good deal of attention. She possesses an exceedingly graceful style, and is very clever at description. Miss Bonner also writes for *Harper's Weekly* and for *The Wave*, a satirical society journal published in San Francisco.

D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, have ready "*Deutsche Literaturgeschichte*," Vol. I., by Professor Carla Wenckebach, of Wellesley College. The purpose of this work, which is to be in three volumes, is to offer students a history in the German language of the growth of German literature.

Susan Coolidge is going to Europe for six months.

Miss Alice M. Douglass, of Bath, Me., is the author of a story entitled "Gems Without Polish," dealing with the work of the Fresh-Air Fund Societies. Hunt & Eaton, of New York, are the publishers.

Rudyard Kipling, who has so far given more promise than any other young writer of the day, has just completed a three-volume novel.

A Woman's Press Club has been organized in Atlanta, Ga., with ten members. The president is Mrs. E. T. Byington, wife and business partner of the editor of the *Columbus Evening Ledger*. Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie, of the *Atlanta Journal*, is the vice-president, and Miss Minnie Quinn, of the *Atlanta Boys' Weekly*, is the secretary. Miss Quinn is probably the youngest author in the state, having had a volume of her poems printed when she was only eleven years old. She has published another volume since.

The *New England Magazine* for April contains an article entitled "Some Plain Words on the Indian Question," by Miss Elaine Goodale. Miss Goodale is known to most people by her poetry, but she was for some time connected with General Armstrong's work at Hampton, and has since passed two or three years in teaching the Indians in the West, so that she speaks with knowledge as well as with feeling.

Speaking of certain questionable methods of obtaining news, the *New York Sun* rightly says that reporters should be gentlemen, and that success in their profession does not require that they "possess the arts of the confidence man, the furtive keenness of the practical thief, and be endowed with all the malodorous gifts of a professional bunco impostor."

In answer to inquiries concerning George Kennan's articles, the editor of the *Century* states that the concluding papers in Mr. Kennan's series of *Siberian Travels* were interrupted by the author's illness and by his succeeding course of lectures. Mr. Kennan has, however, prepared brief articles on the general subject for the April and May *Century*, and hopes soon to be able to write one or two more papers concluding his *Siberian and Russian travels*. The latter will appear later in the year.

Elbridge Henry Goss, of Melrose, Mass., has written a life of "Paul Revere: Patriot, Artist, and Mechanic," which will be published in two volumes by the J. G. Cupples Company, of Boston.

C. J. Woodbury, the author of the recollections of Emerson, recently printed in the *Century*, is an oil merchant in San Francisco.

The stenographers of Joliet, Ill., have formed the Joliet Stenographers' Association. Officers have been elected as follows: President, W. D. Putland; vice-president, Miss Kate L. Baldwin; secretary and treasurer, Miss Jennie V. Gray.

The success of "A Saratoga Romance," Mrs. Caroline Washburn Rockwood's new society novel, which has reached its twelfth edition in six months, has induced her to engage in another literary venture. Consequently, about the end of May, her publishers will bring out "Seemingly," a romantic and somewhat tragic story of Beverly Farms, one of New England's most picturesque summer nooks. This story will be the joint production of Mrs. Rockwood and Lew Vanderpoole.

"Long before Browning became what is called popular," says Mr. Smalley in his London letter, "and long before the astonishing Mrs. Farnival had invented Browning societies, this difficult writer was making money out of his writings. But the nonsense about Browning being dependent on his copyrights is none the less nonsense."

Mr. Gladstone writes to R. U. Johnson, secretary of the American Copyright League, expressing his hope that the International Copyright bill, now before Congress, may become a law. The measure has been approved by the Committee on Patents, and also by the Committee on Judiciary, and whichever of these two committees is reached first on the roll of recognition by the chair will call up the Copyright bill. Mr. Breckenridge, the author of the bill, says, "I think we are at last on the eve of having an international copyright law."

Henry O'Meara, of the editorial staff of the *Boston Daily Journal*, has now in press a volume of his poems.

Carpentry and Building (New York) offers a first prize of \$100 and a second prize of \$50 for the best essays, containing less than 2,000 words, on the subject "A Builders' Exchange." Each essay should define the purposes of a Builders' Exchange, the advantages that follow upon its organization, the persons who are eligible to membership in it, the general scheme of its government, and the ways in which individuals may profit by association with it.

The heroine of Rider Haggard's new novel, "Beatrice," is an accomplished girl, holding atheistical views, the daughter of a poor Welsh clergyman.

One or two Americans will appear in William Black's forthcoming novel, called "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston."

The novel which Mr. Haggard and Mr. Andrew Lang have been working at together is to be published serially, under the title of "The World's Desire."

Hon. F. Carroll Brewster, of Philadelphia, has written a volume of unique interest, — "Disraeli in Outline," — which Porter & Coates will publish. The work is prefaced with a comprehensive and concise biographical sketch of Lord Beaconsfield, and the body of it is devoted to a careful and adroit summary of his novels.

W. D. Howells has written his first juvenile serial. It is called "A Boy's Town," and describes the daily doings and dreamings of a typical American boy forty years ago in a little town on the Great Miami river, in southern Ohio. It will be published in *Harper's Young People*.

Miss Virginia F. Johnson, the author of "The House of the Musician" and other successful novels, has written a new story, entitled "The Treasure Tower." The scene is laid in Malta.

The Authors' Club, of New York, has voted to accept the gift of \$10,000 to the club by Andrew Carnegie, to be used for the promotion and encouragement of literature in such manner as shall be deemed advisable by the club. The disposition of the money was left to the executive council of the club.

Isaac McLellan, author of "Poems of the Rod and Gun," was a fellow-student at college with Longfellow and Hawthorne. The sportsman bard is in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He is a native of Portland, but now lives at Greenpoint, Long Island.

Charles J. Bellamy is writing another novel. He rewrote his "Experiment in Marriage" three times, and revised it five times besides, before publication. Fifteen thousand copies of it have been required.

The Twentieth Century Review (Buffalo, N. Y.) for March has sketches and portraits of twenty-three men and women of letters, musicians, and artists. Among the subjects are Myron B. Benton, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, Oscar Fay Adams, Maude Meredith, Helen M. Gougar, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Olive Eliza Dana.

The *North American Review* has suffered so much by the reprinting in newspapers of whole articles from its pages that it has been compelled to institute legal proceedings for the protection of its copyrights.

William Drysdale has written a story of the West Indies, "The Princess of Montserrat," which the Albany Book Company will publish.

John Burroughs writes that his first effort in literature was an article on "Expression," printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He received \$30 for it.

The Dial, Chicago's excellent critical monthly, has completed the first ten years of its existence.

Professor John Fiske will open *The Popular Science Monthly* for May with an account of the life of Edward L. Youmans, including the story of his association with Herbert Spencer.

Miss A. M. Machar, whose "Stories of New France," just issued by D. Lothrop Company, has found an immediate success, is a Kingston (Ontario) lady of culture and literary ability. Her sonnet on Browning in the *March Century* has attracted much attention.

The movement to establish in Toronto a monthly magazine to be known as *The National* has fallen through, but as a result of it, it is stated that a Canadian quarterly will be started, with a view to turning it into a monthly ultimately, if well supported.

The beautiful poem by James Jeffrey Roche in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April was inspired by the tragic death of his brother, Paymaster John Roche, of Ilion, N. Y., who was one of the American naval officers that perished in the memorable storm in Apia harbor, off Samoa.

George Pellew, a Boston lawyer, and a relation of John Jay, is the author of the volume about the first Chief Justice of the United States, which will soon be published in the American Statesmen Series.

A new magazine will be launched in New York in the fall. It will be devoted to the interests of the South, and be called *The South, Old and New*. Felix G. de Fontaine will be at its head.

There is a passage in Nicoll's "Life of Macdonell" which may serve as a hint to younger writers. Macdonell wrote usually without a break, but "sometimes he would get up, walk to the bookshelves, take down a volume, and read a favorite passage, sometimes aloud, sometimes to himself. He said a fine piece of prose from De Quincey, or Heine, or Ruskin, or Loudon, or Newman refreshed him."